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In Memoriam.

ADAMS, THOMAS
A sermon...

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"Dying, and behold we live."
"Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."
Epistle for 1st Sunday in Lent, March 14, 1886.

A SERMON

PREACHED IN

Bishop's College Chapel,

LENNOXVILLE, P. Q.,

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET,

OF EAST ROCKAWAY, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK,

Born at Pelham, N. Y., September 6, 1870.

Died at Bishop's College School, March 10, 1886.

BY THE

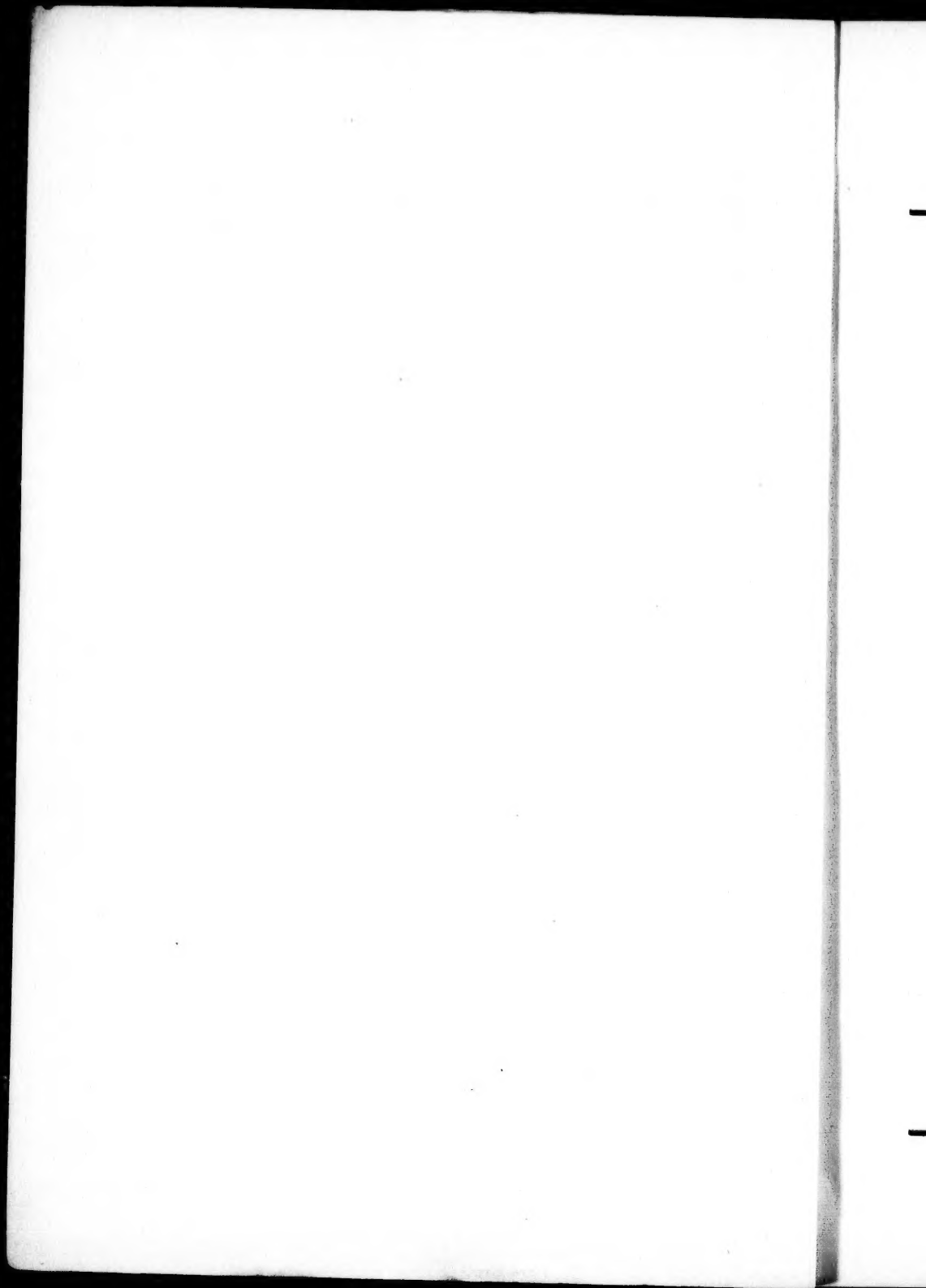
REV. THOMAS ADAMS, M.A.,

PRINCIPAL OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE, AND RECTOR OF THE SCHOOL.

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St. Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians, Chapter
VI. parts of the 9th and 10th verses :

" As dying and behold we live."
" As sorrowful yet always rejoicing."

I HAVE for some time past been preaching to you regularly from the Epistle for the day, and such is the wonderful variedness of those selections from the Epistles which the Church has made for us, that, to-day, without going away from the Epistle, I can choose words to address you upon that shall refer to the sad and unexpected event which has filled our hearts with grief during the week that is now over.

None of us will ever forget Wednesday last, and I hope none will forget the funeral service on Thursday last.

The exceptional services perhaps are those we remember best ; the Baptismal service we joined in as

an extra and exceptional service in December last: the Special Communion Services for Annual Thanksgiving and for the Missionary Union we also have joined in; let us remember both the special services and the ordinary ones. Day by day let the spirit here worship in spirit and in truth that God who is the Father of our spirits.

Week by week let us gather round the Lord's Table and meet Him in the Eucharistic feast; abiding in Him, feeding on Him spiritually, living in such wise that the constant and regular Communion of His Body and Blood shall be to us not only a blessed privilege, but a blessed necessity. Let us form habits of worship, habits of reverence, habits of purity, habits of self-sacrifice,—above all, a habit of personal union with our Lord, and for this reason, amongst others, that thereby we may be fitted not only for the service of God upon this earth but also for His service in the unseen world to which it may be His will to call us at any time. If Christ is being formed in us death will cease to be to us a rude shock, it will rather be a sign of growth, or a new stage in growth, as when the chrysalis emerges

into the lovely butterfly; the flesh that is left behind may be described as the "shattered stalks" or the "ruined chrysalis." What is after death, the new birth, the awakening of the soul in a new and spiritual world, these are the farther growth of the same process that has begun in the faithful soul here.

Here we can say, in a sense as real as the Apostle's, though perhaps not in the actual sense that he meant the words, "as dying and behold we live." *Life in death*: St. Paul probably was referring to the narrow escapes he had: as I reminded you only two Sundays ago, he was in "deaths oft," and yet he was not killed for the Gospel's sake at that time. I would rather to-night take the words out of the context, and use them to show what takes place at death to him that is in Jesus Christ; the death of such is an entrance into life, death is the gate of life, in death there is life.

In the sorrow of the Christian there is joy. The Christian when he is bereaved does not sorrow without hope; he must sorrow, he must also rejoice.

I might say a great deal about the contrast

between life in death and death in life. In the death of the Christian we see the entrance to immortal life ; but when we see spiritual death in a man's or a boy's life, when we see selfishness and impurity reigning, when we behold unbelief and cynical indifference taking the place of faith and enthusiasm, we mourn much more reasonably over such a fall than we do when one who was pure, loving, generous, and enthusiastic,—one who was reverent and devout,—one who was true to his friends and devoted to his father and mother, and to his brothers and sisters, is taken from us.

The one is death in life, and this is to be dreaded and avoided at all costs ; the other is life in death, "as dying and behold we live."

He whom we mourn this day has been taken from us unexpectedly ; two short weeks ago he was with us in this very service, two Sundays ago he heard my words about St. Paul's labors and his remarkable and exceptional boasting ; now his place is empty here ; he has passed on into the higher world. To him I do not think it would be a great shock ; it is true he was full of life, fond of sports,

and of a sunny and even humorous disposition, not in the least morbid,—the very reverse of that: but there was in him an under-current (under-currents in this region are generally the deepest and represent the foundation of life; we do not look for the foundation of a man's life or a boy's life at the surface), an under-current of reverent seriousness. He was reverent; he loved the services of the choir; he loved the celebration of the Holy Communion; he was especially considerate for the feelings of others. I know this well, and I gladly place this side by side with reverence and love of worship, for he who shows his goodness in worship and not in kind acts is only half good. I know that he was remarkably considerate for the feelings of his parents, and that he would spare them even at the cost of suffering to himself—he was a contrast to those children who are always teasing their parents for money or luxuries. I think it quite in place to tell you this, because it is a sign of a trained heart, a sign of disciplined affection; yes, love that costs you pain and self-denial is better love than love which is given to those who simply indulge you, and which

is apt to run dry when the indulgence is withdrawn. I know he was considerate to those about him in his illness; one of the last things he said to me—it was before he was dangerously ill—was that he should not like those who were nursing him to get over-tired by constant watching. The sick are not always reasonable and generous like this, and they are not blamed for being exacting; it is often part of their illness that they are very querulous and exacting; our dear boy friend who is gone was the very opposite; he was, while he was conscious, gentle, thoughtful, and considerate, showing signs of a good heart and of good training.

A boy who lived like this: manly, reverent, dutiful, faithful, was one who did not require a special preparation for his end. I believe him to have been a consistent Christian boy. I do not say he had no faults. I do not say he never did anything or thought anything which he knew to be wrong. I claim for him nothing unnatural or high-flown in the way of goodness; but I do claim for him that he was a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ; that if he did wrong he knew

where to seek for pardon, he knew that in direct prayer and at the Table of the Lord he could find relief, pardon, and strength, and I believe he has found eternal salvation—*Life in death*—through the merits of his Saviour and ours, and that in his case we have a sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

His illness was such that to all human appearance it did not begin to be dangerous till he became unconscious. He never knew he was dying; he literally fell asleep in Jesus; he knew nothing of the King of Terrors; he did not know that he was dying away from home; he did not know that his friends could not reach him in time. He knew nothing of all this but do you not believe that his spirit was at peace although his brain was clouded, and that it went to peace; it went from under that cloud into the bright glory of that Eternal World; it set here under the cloud of unconsciousness, but it rose afar in glory, in purity, and in everlasting love.

The bell that summoned you to chapel on Ash Wednesday morning, summoned him into the pres-

ence of God in heaven to worship God in everlasting joy for evermore.

Some of you can remember the story of the last "Adsum," which was uttered by a veteran in a well-known story—how he who had been rich and successful went back ruined to his old school as one of the pensioners—when the bell tolled he answered "Adsum" and died: So it is no irreverent fancy of mine that your dear schoolfellow answered to his name in the heavenly school that morning instead of here in the school I know he loved on earth.

As we prayed by his bedside, hoping almost to the last, we prayed that whether he was taken from us or not, he might be made a blessing to us, and that his memory might be a help to us who are left behind. We commended him to that loving Saviour who was watching him and (shall I not say) waiting to receive him; and I ask you solemnly to-night that through the life and death of our dear schoolfellow it may be harder for every one of us to be base or cruel, to do a thoughtless or malicious wrong—harder to be deceitful, disobedient, impure in thought or act, selfish. I ask you for his sake as well

as for your own and for your parents' sake not to make your school lives a clever avoidance of punishable offences combined with a large mixture of selfish and unlawful enjoyment in secret. I ask you that you will look on rules not to find the loop-holes whereby you may escape, but that you may do right from the heart and do your duty with enthusiasm and seek to rise to higher duties when you have done the ordinary ones—that you may rise on “stepping stones of your dead selves to higher things.”

Build on Jesus Christ,
Dwell in *Him*.

If you live like this, death will be to you the entrance to fuller and more perfect life.

“Sorrowful yet alway rejoicing.”

Sorrow is natural, becoming, and right, if it is godly sorrow. We feel a loss, there is a vacant place in our circle, and, besides this, a family circle has been broken.

You cannot know a parent's grief, you sorrow for him as you might for a brother—but there is a parent's grief unto which you can scarcely look.

God can—and He can comfort as well as bruise, To those that mourn I would say “go to the grave of Jesus.”

" Oh, hearts bereaved and sore distressed
Here is for you a place of rest
Here leave your griefs on Jesus' breast."

There earthly sorrow and heavenly joy will mingle, and you will feel the blessedness of being at one with Jesus, and knowing that those you love and mourn for are at one with Him also.

Some will think "yes—but after all is it not hard for him to have to die so young? He was not sixteen."

I will not use the heathen but beautiful sentiment "that those whom the gods love die young" as a sufficient explanation, but it has occurred to me that God loves variety in nature, wonderful and profuse variety. He loves variety in human beings so much that though all are of the same type no two are indistinguishable; and may it not be that by the same law He loves variety in heaven; if heaven were to be peopled by souls which had all spent seventy years in this world, and died tired of all human things, full of labor and sorrow, would it not tend to something akin to monotony,—and so we find that persons of all ages are taken, and so they begin their immortal careers after varied exper-

iences and varied periods in this life; and I fancy the growth of a soul that has spent only sixteen years in this world will be different from that of one who has spent seventy years here, and different from that of one who has spent only a few weeks or months in the world. God loves them all. He takes whom He loves, He also loves those left behind. The future world is better than this. The loss is not our schoolfellow's it is ours, if there is a loss: but is it not nearer the truth to say, that while God is love, and God is our Father, and Christ is our Saviour, and the Holy Spirit is our Sanctifier, there is *no loss, or gain*, but *everything is as it was with Him*, for in Him all is love and purity and peace in this world, and in that which is to come.

"Where I am there shall also My servant be."

CHRIST will gather in His own
To the place where he is gone,
Where their heart and treasure lie
Where our life is hid on high.

Day by day the Voice saith "Come,
Enter thine eternal home;"
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul it summons there.

Had he asked us well we know
We should cry, Oh, spare this blow!
Yes, with streaming tears should pray
"LORD, we love him, let him stay."

But the LORD doth naught amiss,
And, since He hath ordered this,
We have naught to do but still
Rest in silence on His will.

Many a heart no longer here
Ah! was all too inly dear;
Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call,
Thou wilt be our All in all. Amen.

*"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know here-
after."*

